

Mechanical Poet, Aztec Zombies

This howl again!
These things will never lose my track
I need to run amain
Before they find me and attack

Across the wilds at reckless speed
No time to stay and wait
A dead king's locket in my kit
It's pulling them like bait

Lost between the pit and heavens
Prophets of impending doom
Crawling wights in evening shadows
Faceless guards at royal tomb

Two weeks have passed
It seems that I have gone astray
How long it's gonna last?
What price I have to pay?

Tonight I heard them scouring
Round the rock that caused my Jeep to wreck
The charm won't let them settle down
But I can't give it back

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This endless chasing drives me mad
The howl makes me ill
I have no power to withstand
I'm wasted, come what will

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